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FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail. It will come regularly, and the addresses will be changed as often as desired. It is the home news you will want while away from home. Telephone Main 3300, giving old and new address.

Chancellor Day Again.

Is it not curious how often well-meaning men in their desire to make a point in the extravagance of speech? Here is Chancellor Day, of Syracuse, distressed because the people of the United States have invested some \$500,000,000 in the automobile trade. He condemns the auto as a luxury and thinks that such rampant and vulgar prodigality cannot fail to have serious consequences upon our national character.

Surely this is a short-sighted view for the head of a great university. One might as well argue that the luxury of travel made possible by invention would render the nation effete; or that because we use the telephone to expedite business we are in danger of growing lazy. Surely Chancellor Day must recognize that the automobile is something more than a luxury. When he notes the huge delivery wagons that do the work of our merchants in the streets, he must recognize that the auto has a utilitarian value. There was a time when a cry was raised against carriages, and against railroads, just as to-day there is being made manifest some fear and criticism of flying machines. These things are, primarily, only signs of progress. From the pleasure sailing vessel came the clipper merchant ship, and then the modern steamer; from the modest auto first designed for pleasure has come an implement that has been, and is to be, of vast use to the country. Already the auto has robbed country life of much of its terrors; the auto not only hauls the farmer and his product to market, but in many instances its engine grinds his corn and pumps his water. Only the other day there was a long account in the press of an automobile plow that, at a cost of \$4 a day, will plow thirty acres; and, after all, are we only just at the beginning of the automobile's activities.

Chancellor Day thinks the vast capital invested in the automobile trade is unproductive, but a moment's thought will convince any one to the contrary. It has given work to thousands; it has influenced the building trade in the factories required; it has stimulated trade in rubber, in leather, in steel, in copper, in a hundred different branches. Chancellor Day will have to revise his text if he hopes successfully to inveigh against national extravagance.

Assumed Names in the Army.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill which, on first impression, seems to be a peculiar form of legislative "relief," it being that which authorizes the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy to issue certificates of discharge in the true names of persons who enlisted or served under assumed names during the civil war and the war with Spain. It is disclosed that there are many people who served in these two wars in the military and naval forces with entire credit to themselves, and who rendered such service under names which they adopted. On the face of it, this situation seems to be explained only on the ground that a man who adopts an assumed name must do so for reasons which are not entirely to his credit. It appears, however, that a considerable number of those in this class were of foreign birth and had names difficult of pronunciation, and they feared their birth or descent was likely to cause feelings of prejudice or resentment among their comrades. It has been stated to the House that the number of people who served under these circumstances "reaches into thousands"—altogether a surprising state of affairs. By the enactment of this legislation it will become unnecessary to introduce special bills in individual cases.

It would seem that if there is any necessity for this form of relief there could very well be legislation which confers the authority upon the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, with the provision, of course, that these officials may issue the discharges upon proof of identity and after a knowledge of the innocence in the assumption of fictitious names. The legislation places the responsibility where it may very well be intrusted, and the more so if these men

who unwittingly served under assumed names are deprived of privileges to which they are justly entitled. It remains a situation calculated to excite remark, at the same time, why a man who enlists in the military-naval service should do so under an assumed name; and certainly the excuse which has been given for the thousands of such cases does not fully explain or justify the condition.

The Southward Swing.

Southern commercial bodies are felicitating themselves, and righteously, on the remarkable showing made by Dixie in the Annual Review of Foreign Commerce recently issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor.

Figures, usually, are dull and uninteresting things, but the following are so significant and impressive that they are well worthy of serious study and analysis:

"Comparing the exports of 1899 and 1909, it is found that those from Gulf ports have increased 110 per cent. in the ten years. The exports from Atlantic ports increased only 12 per cent. during the same period. Of the seventeen Atlantic ports showing either large or small increases during the ten years, seven are Southern ports. The greatest increase in exports made by any one of the seven was \$25,370,844, at Savannah, Ga., showing a growth of more than 111 per cent. over 1899. The greatest proportionate increase was made by St. Johns, Fla. (the district of Jacksonville), which showed an increase of over 700 per cent. The other noteworthy increases were Wilmington, N. C., 170 per cent.; Fernandina, Fla., 102 per cent.; and Brunswick, Ga., 42 per cent.

Another matter worthy of cheerful consideration is that whereas in 1899 the exports from the Gulf ports equaled only 12 per cent. of the exports from Atlantic ports, in 1909 they equaled 41 per cent.

"The import figures for the ten years prove a closer touch of Southern ports with the commerce of the world; for while Atlantic ports increased in the ten years 78 per cent, Gulf ports increased 240 per cent.

"The total commerce of the South Atlantic ports now overtop total imports and exports at Boston or at Philadelphia. The Gulf ports exceed by \$100,000,000 the total imports and exports of all North Atlantic ports, except New York. The Gulf imports and exports now equal 33.1 per cent. of the total imports and exports of New York.

"In the year 1909 the domestic exports of the United States show that cotton, unmanufactured, alone represented 25.8 per cent. of the total; which is more than two and a half times the value of the next most important export, viz., meat and dairy products."

In the light of these statistics, it is not at all astonishing that confidence in the South's future should be so firm and so universal. If these conditions prevail now, what may we not expect to happen in Dixie once the Panama Canal is opened to the commerce of the world? Absolute commercial supremacy in the nation is no idle dream down that way; absolute commercial supremacy on earth may not irrationally peep above the horizon of Dixie's hopes!

Long before the nation at large came to appreciate the tremendous things going on in the South, the South itself had come to appreciate them, and had learned to govern itself accordingly. As The Washington Herald has remarked heretofore, the great factor in the South's splendid progress or late years dwells within its acquired knowledge of the importance of keeping its wealth at home as great an extent as possible. It no longer goes abroad to buy the greater bulk of its necessities, to borrow money, to get its manufactured products. It has developed from a purely agricultural section into a mercantile, manufacturing, banking, life and fire insurance section, and it is striding forward in seven-league boots now, where once it did nothing much better than struggle.

The South has every reason to congratulate itself on the business status assigned it by the Department of Commerce and Labor.

Some ancient philosopher remarked, "To-morrow never comes." To-morrow is one to-morrow that will come, we fancy. T. R. is coming home to-morrow.

"Can an auctioneer of horses be honest?" inquires the Chicago Post. Well, the Bible does not say that it is absolutely impossible for a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle.

"Generals in Madrid's army get 15 cents per day," says the Chattanooga Times. The privates, presumably, are supposed to be satisfied with merely getting killed.

A Georgia barber threatens to run for governor against "Little Joe" Brown. This effort to make an issue of "Little Joe's" whiskers will not work; his peculiar style of personal beauty is one of his big assets with the common people.

In discussing "Ideals" before a graduating class recently, Gov. Marshall mentioned only Alexander, Caesar, Washington, and Napoleon. Query: Is Gov. Marshall a mollycoddle, an Ananias, or a weakling?

"I will not resign to oblige my political enemies," avers Senator Tillman. Somehow, the Senator's political enemies invariably seem to go to him exactly backward.

The self-confident and impressive young graduate is going to find, of course, that the world is, after all, a pretty tough old oyster to open. He may, nevertheless, console himself with one reflection: Everybody wishes him well.

Unless the tightwads around this town loosen up, how can they expect the safe and sane Fourth of July quarantine against tenebris germs to be effective?

We have a magnificent nerve, all right, but we decline to participate in that which is the better play, "East Lynne" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin?" argument.

A traveler recently in Ceylon says, "All I could hear there was 'rubber, rubber, rubber.'" If this traveler had followed the colonial around Europe, that would have been about all he would have heard there, too.

President Diaz's method is not altogether commendable, but it is, at least, picturesque and effective. He puts all the opposition candidates in jail.

The Statue of Liberty probably would be tempted, beyond resistance, to indulge in a little cranking of the neck to-day, even if it were not a woman.

Mr. Robert G. Hiden, one of the brightest and best Southern journalists, has purchased a one-fifth interest in the Birmingham Ledger for an announced consideration of \$25,000—a most astonishing amount of money for one real newspaper man to have all together at one time.

The Ledger's success has been remarkable, even considering the fourteen years of conscientious work put into it. We wish it and its new associate editor—Mr. Hiden—continued and ever-increasing prosperity.

The Hon. "Jeff" Davis once more is on the Senatorial job. Hurried back to be on hand in time for adjournment, perhaps.

The war of words between San Francisco and New Orleans is becoming so fierce that we again arise, in the interest of national peace, to suggest that the big exposition be awarded to a city with a good American name like Washington!

Senator Doolittle must be given credit for realizing, moreover, that it was his move.

If at first, second, third, fourth, and fifth you don't hit it right, Mr. Weather Man, guess again, of course!

Speaking of vaudeville turns, the Treasury Department's announcement that "small bills are scarce" got a good laugh from the country, from one end to the other.

Inasmuch as Mr. Bryan has not yet handed Mr. Folk a lemon, Mr. Folk probably would be wise to call in his Presidential boom and announce for justice of the peace.

"I fight merely because public opinion forces me to," says Prof. Jeffries. If he wins, however, Prof. Jeffries will not endow an orphan asylum with the money.

Take Alabama, for instance; it is the first State on the roll. Why is it not kicking about the rivers and harbors bill? Answer: Because it is in on the thing to the extent of some \$2,500,000. Q. E. D.

New York to San Francisco by airship? Sure! The aviators cannot expect us to affect astonishment at the suggestion!

It has been such a long time since Washington was at the foot of the baseball percentage table that Washington has quite forgotten how it feels.

Nicaragua reminds one of a July fly. Considering its size, it makes about the biggest noise ever.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Who Knows?
From the St. Louis Republic.
We wonder whether Mr. Taft has engaged his passage to Africa yet.

Among Men of Mark.
From the Toledo Blade.
Vice President Sherman has shaken hands with Ty Cobb. He hopes to be able to meet Hans Wagner before his term expires.

Data Lacking.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Just how much sacrifice is involved in declining a Democratic nomination for governor of Pennsylvania can be figured out better after awhile.

Monopoly Needs Training.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Judge Grosscup's idea seems to be that, while monopoly is a crime and must remain so, it may be trained not to feed with all four feet in the trough.

Modernizing China.
From the New York Post.
China is adapting for a parliament. China already has the budget, and it needs only a cost-of-living agitation to be thoroughly modernized.

Sympathetic Congressmen.
From the Philadelphia North American.
Quite a number of Congressmen are prepared to sympathize with the man who bangs his head over Niagara Falls for forty-five minutes.

A Supreme Court's Wisdom.
From the Cincinnati Enquirer.
The Supreme Court of Kansas has decided that it is the duty of pedestrians to dodge automobiles. It might be said that it is also safer for pedestrians to dodge automobiles.

Latest Styles in Drinks.
From the New York Tribune.
Characteristics of Different Beverages Must Be Mastered.
Styles in soda fountain drinks change as do those in clothes and etiquette.

There was a time when one asked either for a soda or a phosphate, but now these things have been relegated to the background and have been replaced by the "sundae," the "frappe," the "pouffe," the "coupe," or the "parfait."

If one doesn't know the one from the other, or imagines for an instant that the last may be had for the price of the first, one is far behind the times. The differences may seem slight, but they must be mastered lest one incur the scorn of the soda clerk.

The "coupe" is perhaps the most wonderful of all. In fact, it is so wonderful that it may be called one of the names of famous opera stars. There are three kinds—Melba, Nordica, and Gadski—containing respectively peaches, raspberries, and strawberries. In a deep round dish the mixer puts a mound of fruit, and this he covers with ice cream and over the whole he pours the thickest, and the richest of the fruit syrups.

If the beverages themselves do not change from season to season, then their names and titles must respond to the whims of Dame Fashion. Once upon a time a cherry sundae was a Merry Widow. Now it is a Chanticleer. The chocolate nut sundae was called Hagd Harms for a while, then Alice Roosevelt, and now the Jungle—the complaint having been shifted from daughter to son.

Whenever a play makes a big hit or a man does a big thing the soda clerks are among the first to make use of the event. They made up a Wright brothers sundae as of that of any favorite play. They invented a Taft soda and a Peter Pan phosphate. They can't afford to lose any opportunity or to let any other shop open a business get ahead of them. So they take their spare minutes to permit the soda inventing new names and new names for old things.

Idle Investigations.
From the Detroit Free Press.
Every married woman secretly goes through her husband's old trousers' pockets just to make sure she hasn't overlooked a little lace change.

Gross Carelessness.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.
"She had a fever and lost all her hair."
"Poor thing! She ought to have looked it up before going to the hospital."

It Be a Butterfly.
From the Buffalo Express.
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover.
Where roses and lilies and violets meet;
Roving flowers from flower to flower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

I'd be a butterfly for wealth or for power,
I'd be a butterfly for love or for fear;
I'd be a butterfly for a kiss or a tear,
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a cheer.

I'd be a butterfly for a smile or a frown,
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a sound;
I'd be a butterfly for a look or a glance,
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a chance.

I'd be a butterfly for a word or a deed,
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a need;
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a wish,
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a wish.

I'd be a butterfly for a word or a deed,
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a need;
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a wish,
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a wish.

I'd be a butterfly for a word or a deed,
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a need;
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a wish,
I'd be a butterfly for a word or a wish.

THE OBSERVER.

Charlie Gaston wanted me to read the opening of a novel he has just written. It begins, "Dearst," said the girl-bride, as she nestled her young face against the bristly beard of her new, but old husband. "I've been thinking of what, dear?" said Brodie, gently.

"Why, honey; now that I'm married, I expect I'll have to pay full fare on the street cars, won't I?"

I gave the MSS back to him then; I couldn't read any more if it was his.

There's a lot of freak legislation in Kansas, but, at least, they have the courage of their convictions out there, and now they're going to make the express companies lower their excessive rates or get out. Bully for Kansas!

Several Chicago preachers have been offered higher salaries to go and preach elsewhere. A Chicago newspaper recently published a list of the preachers who had accepted the offer, and the list was a splendid training ground for preachers. And even the best of them hardly make an impression on the place.

The Hon. C. E. Townsend, of Michigan, spoke in his home town recently, and urged that only good men should be elected to Congress. Incidentally, he suggested himself for the Senate.

They are cleaning up the office; have bought some new shears and a pastepot, and have put new cushions on the editorial chair at The Outlook. The editor's on his way.

Of course, there had to be explanations. Prof. Frederick Stryer, of the University of Chicago, is first in the field. He says that when he predicted dire things for T. R., he thought the colored was going into the hands of the white.

And the census has settled the question at last. Lillian Russell is fifty years of age.

DAILY BOOK REVIEW.

"PHILIPPA AT HALCYON."
The spirit of femininity in its budding time, the breath of youth and freshness, is in "Philippe at Halcyon," by Katherine Holland Brown. The story all takes place at College Hill, a school for girls, and embraces a series of incidents such as are likely to happen at such an institution. The heroine, Philippa, is a lovely young person, perhaps a little too near perfection to be real, but it is best to be optimistic and hope that she is genuine.

This is a book that should find a place upon the reading shelves of every school and college girl. If she be a girl of inventive mind, she will recognize in the adventures of the girls at College Hill a reflection of her own experiences perhaps; something of her hopes and her fears. If she be one of old imagination, Philippa will inflame it. And no girl will do badly who copies this wholesome and sincere, friendly and capable heroine. The story is good enough to have come from the pen of Louise Alcott. It will be illustrated by the author knows girls and knows what they do, not only at college, but at home. A vast number of widely contrasting life types are shown in the book.

Brown's keenness in character development and observation. Of the escapades, the hard work, and the earnest accomplishment of the girls of Halcyon, there is much to make the reader hold a book prime favorite. Indeed, one need not be a school girl, or even an ex-school girl, to enjoy it. There is enough human nature and sound philosophy, as well as amusement of an innocent nature, to interest all classes. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Notes of the Books.
When the editor of the Bookman was asked the other day to name the leading American novelists, he replied that there were only two—William D. Howells and Jack London.

Grace MacGowan Cooke has placed her manuscript "The Power and the Glory" in the hands of her publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., who will publish the book on August 1. It will be illustrated by A. I. Keller. Mrs. Cooke is now in California.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in the new book "In After Days," sums up her philosophy of death. It is the calm but not cheerful way. "If death is treated as an incident—separation as an episode, reunion as a prospect—grief can be borne as a natural part of life. It is not a punishment, but a separation from the loved ones. However, some of the other authors of 'In After Days' do not agree with this.

The seventh volume of the "New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge" has just made its appearance from the presses of the publishers, the Funk & Wagnalls Company. A volume every three months has been issued, and five more are yet to appear to complete this twelve-volume work. The present volume brings the work down to the subject "Morality."

Scenic Railway in Norway.
From the New York Herald.
The new scenic railway in Norway, recently completed from Christiania to Bergen, is proving exceptionally attractive to tourists. It is the longest mountain railway in Europe, and has no fewer than 177 tunnels, one of which cost \$80,000 and took twelve years to build. Unlike other mountain railways, which merely go to the edge of the snow and ice, this line, after passing Finse—a station whose name in a year or two is sure to become as well known as that of any favorite resort in Switzerland—processes across the snow field for a long distance. Two snow plows are kept busy on the road as late as June, and there are lakes along the route which do not lose their ice until August, and in some years do not thaw at all. Snowsheds have been constructed with shutters on their sides, which can be opened in summer to permit the unobstructed view of the magnificent landscapes. An international ski tournament is to be held in Finse in midsummer. This kind of winter sport is becoming a summer touring is a novelty sure to attract to Norway an increasing number of enterprising travelers.

A Sure Sign.
From the Buffalo Express.
"My dear, the boys have been begging me to play poker with them again; won't you let me?" he begged.

"Not much," she answered. "No one but an expert can play poker with me."

State Secrets.
From the Cleveland Leader.
Bobby-There's visitors in the front lobby—How'd you know?
"Bobby-There's callin' pa 'dear' ev'ry time she speaks to him."

JOAN.
The ocean rushes to the land
To spend himself on cliff or sand;
The river rushes to the sea
To rush to the sea.

DARY.
The ocean roars his greeting to the land,
The river rushes to the sea;
But silent, those who by thy graces bow,
Have bowed no death bow to show.

—Holden Stevens, in the Portland Observer.
Yosemite Valley, April 20, 1910.

I wonder what has become of Mr. Adair's bill proposing to put the salaries of Congressmen back to \$5,000? It's curious how measures like that will just get mislaid.

Because his wife insisted on being a Christian Science healer, a man in Kansas City got mad and insisted on a divorce. He belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his friends said there was Methodism in his madness.

No, the Gov. Gillett who stopped the fight is not the "safety" man.

The letter "B" which the Indiana farmers have found on their oats, probably does not mean Bryan at all, but Beveridge.

Those United Wireless folks must think this is a curious sort of government. It won't even let people pretend to be prosperous, these hard times.

Starett is the name of the saddle-horse the President rides. It stands 16 hands high and weighs 1,250 pounds. Even then, it knows that it has been working when President Taft rides out with Gen. Clarence Edwards and the Washington Riding Club.

And they won't even let you get rich quick via wireless, will they?

It is up to some one now to write a learned essay on "The relation of aviation to moral conduct." If we are constantly required to keep looking up in the clouds to watch the mania go by, we shall soon become more erect as a nation, and as individuals shall all hold our heads up more defiantly.

Saturday, June 18, is to be a memorable day. It is the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; it is on that day the Bullfinch-Pinchot verdict came down, and, last but not least, T. R. arrives.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A POEM OF PURPOSE.
A poem should have purpose,
And those who poems write
Should ever learn
To give a purpose
To the futility and the trite.

Not True to Life.
A poem should have purpose
Or its effects are nil.
I wrote this poem
To help me pay
An irate grocer's bill.

Not True to Life.
"Realism on the stage? There is no such thing."
"How now?"
"Six months elapse between Act I and Act II, and yet they have the same look."

The Strategic Point.
"How came you to start a revolution with only three men?" demanded the American consul.
"It was this way," explained the leader.
"We found the operator asleep and couldn't resist the temptation to seize the cable office."

Information Wanted.
"I wish I could get hold of one of these Agricultural Department experts."
"Why?"
"My peach tree has developed a small green knob that looks as if it might be a peach."

Often Happens.
A statesman first wears fame;
But then may fickle be
And jilt poor fame, his early flame,
To court an inquiry.

The Latest Role.
"Why do you save those old rubber shoes?"
"They are for hungry arctic explorers," replied Mrs. Housekeeper. "Been a good many of 'em along this route."

Made Over.
"Plays, it is said, are not written; they are re-written."
"I know it is that way with jokes."

Bad Symptoms.
"He pays me a great deal of deference," admitted the girl's father.
"Yes, I'm afraid that he won't be able to pay no board."

A Tongue Twister Thimblefied.
From the Buffalo Express.
Some of those tongue twisters are really very hard to enunciate, for instance: "The sea ceaseth, and it suffleth us."
"That's exactly what," it mightily thimblefied Mithal: "Elthabeth. 'You thimblefied it that: The sea, theaetheth, and it thimblefied us.'"

Makes No Difference.
From the Buffalo Express.
"Do you think it will rain on our picnic day?"
"Yes."
"Do you know when the picnic is to be?"
"No."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Bunker Hill Day—June 17.

This is Bunker Hill Day. What glorious memories it recalls when we revert to the little band of patriots who, struggling up the hill, untrained in warfare but loyal to the core. Think of the nerve of "em—only about 2,500 ill-armed, undisciplined Yankees, climbing the back of barriers of earth, heaps and piles of hay, realizing that on the plain below was a red-coat army fully 5,000 strong, well-armed, well-drilled, and well-trained.

Leading them to the struggle was the gallant and dashing Israel Putnam. In his shirt-sleeves he strode up and down the lines giving words of encouragement to the right and left and whispering his famous order:

"Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!"

And to this he added: "Powder is scarce, boys, and it must not be wasted. When you see the whites of their eyes fire low, take aim at their waistbands—aim at the handsome coats—pick off the commanders."

All night of the 16th the Yankees were employed in throwing up embankments. They toiled on faithfully till break of day revealed their work to the gaze of the astonished British. The English guns were soon trained on the works and the sleeping city was awakened by the boom of cannon. They worked on, however, and by noon they were well entrenched behind a strong redoubt. The British meanwhile decided to storm the American works. Gen. Howe was at their head and it was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when they began the ascent of the hill. Up they marched in line of battle with undaunted courage. Not a shot was fired from the top of the hill. The Americans were coolly taking Putnam's advice.

When the British had come within a few rods of the redoubt, the Americans fired a volley from the top of the hill. The British were cut to pieces. Another volley followed and another, until the British fell back in disorder, leaving the hill strewn with dead and wounded. In fifteen minutes they made another dash, only to receive again such a murderous fire as no army, however brave, could have endured.



AT THE HOTELS.

Hon. John E. Lamb, of Terre Haute, Ind., who led the successful fight in the recent Democratic State convention for the nomination of a candidate to oppose Senator Beveridge, and which resulted in the choice of Hon. John W. Kern, is at the New Willard in New York.

"Indiana," said he, "will go Democratic largely in November. Our party is stronger than it has been in years. Its action on the Senatorship strengthened it immeasurably. On the other hand, the Republican party is hopelessly split. Senator Beveridge's defeat is a foregone conclusion. One rarely hears even the most strenuous Republican express any real hope in the outcome."

Mr. Lamb will leave to-day for New York. His trip East is on legal business.